

# Broken Belief

Bob Moses

We live in the era of purpose  
We live in the era of youth  
When the wise man's warning is worthless  
I'm just a poor boy begging for truth

So baby, you say that we're free  
Oh come on  
You've taken what you wanted from me  
You've kept me down on my knees for so long  
A victim of your broken belief

Now there's a crack in the surface  
Something dark is seeping through  
We live in the land of the many  
We live in the grip of the few

There's a poor girl crying for justice  
There's a rich man playing the fool  
All the wise men longing for purpose  
And they're all just looking to you

So baby, you say that we're free  
Oh come on  
You've taken what you wanted from me  
You've kept me down on my knees for so long  
A victim of your broken belief

Come on, come on, come on, you got it  
Come on come on come on we want it